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CHLOE Surpriz'd:

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OR,

The Second PART

OF THE

Lady's *Dressing-Room*.

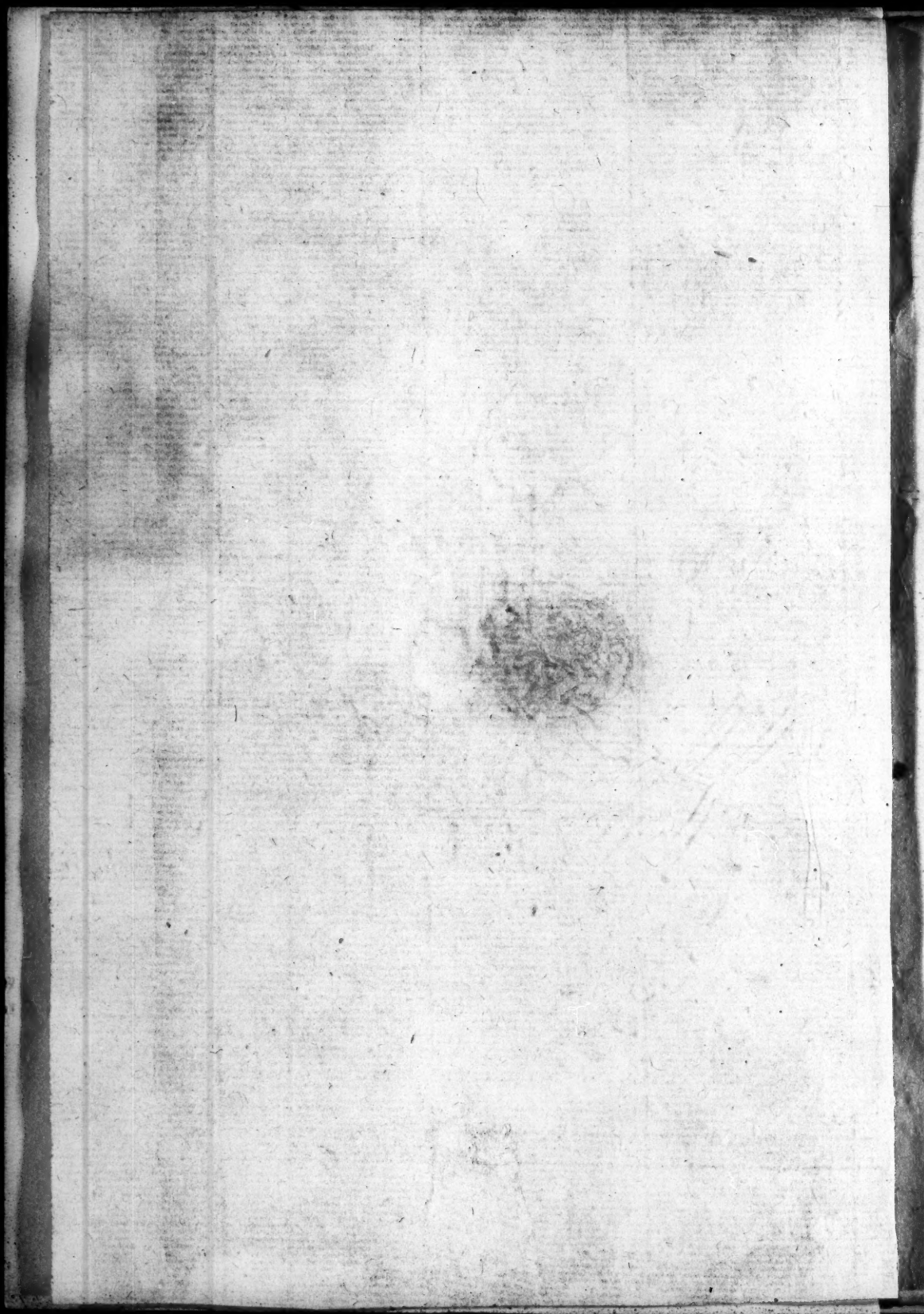
To which are added,

THOUGHTS upon Reading the  
Lady's *Dressing-Room*, and the Gent-  
leman's *STUDY*. The former wrote  
by D---N S---T, the latter by Miss  
W-----



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# CHLOE SURPRIZ'D

A

# TALE, &c.

ONE Morning as *Chloe* the Prude lay a-Bed,  
Her Lilly white Hand a Support to her Head,  
Her Thoughts as they're wont had began then to  
stray,

On the Slaves she had got, and the Dress of the  
Day,

' Well surely (she cry'd) let them say what they  
will,

' Not a Nymph in the Town half so surely can  
kill,

' There's *Brazen* and *Shallow*, and *Dandy* the Beau,

' With many so deck'd, as if made for a Show,

' Who



' Who dangle and follow, and whine and adore,  
 ' And low at my Feet for Compassion implore ;  
 ' Nay, *Gandy* himself too, forgetting his Lace,  
 ' Stares all the Night at me, and gapes in my Face,  
 ' What Maiden so silly, to give up her Sway,  
 ' And turn like my Sister, a Slave and obey,  
 To grieve at the jealous Reproach of a Fool,  
 And hear the dull *SOT* still prescribing a Rule,  
 No thanks to my *STARS*, I'll for ever be free,  
 No Coxcomb shall have a Dominion o'er me,  
 On the Men I'll Revenge all the Wrongs of My  
     ' *SEX*,  
 ' And my Wit, and my Beauty for ever shall Vex.

She said, and then hasted to rise from her Bed,  
 (Resolv'd on new Mischiefs conceiv'd in her Head )  
 When old Father *TIME*, from a Shelf by her side,  
 In form of her Watch, to the Charmer reply'd ;

' O *Chloe* unthinking! and fickle as fair ;  
 ' Say, why did I give you that Shape and that Air ?  
 ' Or why did I cover that Bosom with Snow ;  
 ' Or why on those Cheeks, bid the Roses to glow ?  
 ' Why made I each Look, and each Feature Divine ?  
 ' Why made I those Eyes with such Lustre to shine ?  
 ' And was it for nought that I fix'd upon you,  
 ' And gauz you the Charms of a Million or two ?

' No *Chloe* -- believe me, those Charms you possess,  
 ' For somewhat were meant; what that is you may  
 ' guess :  
 ' 'Tis the Spight of the Devil to teize and to vex,  
 ' But Beauty should bless Men, as well as perplex.

' O! Charmer beware how you trifle with Time,  
 ' The Blossoms are fair, but how short is their  
 ' Prime?  
 ' I visit, 'tis true, both the Young and the Gay,  
 ' But *Chloe* I only just come and away,  
 ' And if unenjoy'd I once pass by their Door,  
 ' I ever am gone, and will never come more.

' Then *Chloe*, my *Chloe*, be kind I advise,  
 ' And learn how thy Youth and thy Beauty to Prize  
 ' Lest when I am gone, and thy Threshold's for-  
 ' lorn,  
 ' The Swains whom you slighted, may Laugh you  
 ' to Scorn,  
 ' And tread out that Snuff of a Torch with their  
 ' Feet,  
 ' Which lately so blaz'd, and so glar'd in the Street,

He scarcely had finish'd these Words, when away,  
 He vanish'd, and musing left *Chloe* the Gay.

But

But what an Effect, it may have on the fair,  
Or whether she'll now be more kind or severe;  
No Mortal can guess——this I know and no more  
That still she is witty, and fair as before.



THOUGHTS





T H O U G H T S upon Readin  
the *Lady's Dressing-Room* and the  
*Gentleman's Study*; the former wrote  
by D--n S---t, the latter by Miss  
W-----.

**I** Prithee, good Folks, who have heard all the  
Satire,

Attend, till I give you my Thoughts of the  
Matter ;

I find all the Knowledge we have by what's writ  
Is, that both, Male and Female, sweat, stink, fart,  
and sh---t.

But surely the Authors, as every one thinks,  
Are the stinkingest Couple, where every one stinks ;  
Then quickly, in order to avoid all Confusion,  
From what we have granted, I shall draw this Con-  
clusion ;

We may easily see, by the Spleen of what's said;  
 That he's an old Batchelor, she an old Maid;  
 Then wed them together, join her Shift to his Shirt,  
 And let 'em contend to excell most in Dirt.

**An EPIGRAM upon the LADY's  
 Dressing-Room.**

What, the D-- look in Clofestoole instead of the  
 Bible!  
 and write on poor Cælia so dirty a Libel;  
 How well must he preach the Word of the Lord,  
 Whose Texts are a Shift, stinking Toes, and a T--d?



**F I N I S.**